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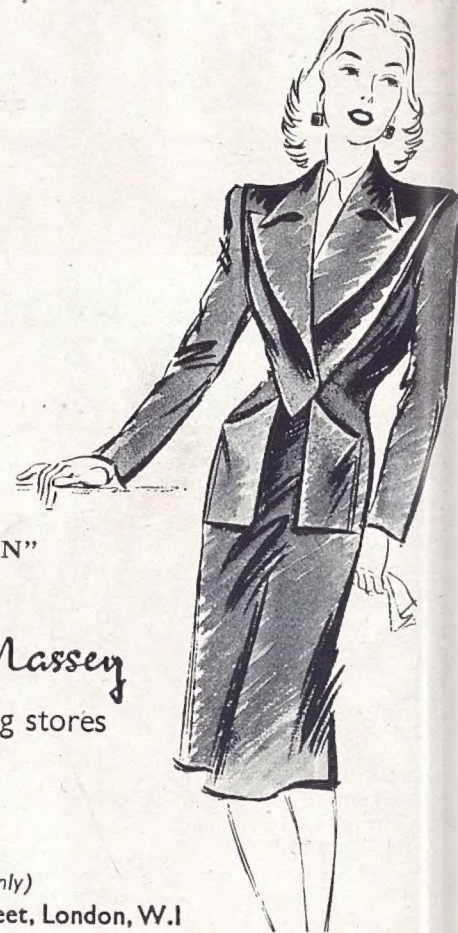
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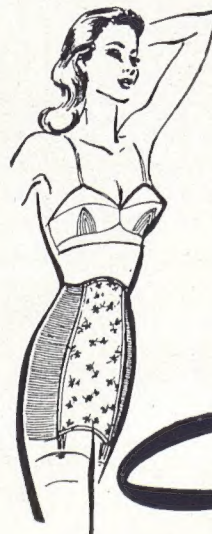
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1945

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“A Moment’s Halt . . .”

A Few Short Hours of Leave for
Britain’s Alexander the Great

Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, Britain’s Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean, has been home on leave. He has had official duties to perform, among them a visit to Buckingham Palace to receive from His Majesty his Field-Marshal’s baton, but undoubtedly his happiest hours have been spent at his home in Windsor Forest with his wife and family. Here Lady Margaret Alexander, a daughter of the Earl of Lucan, lives with her young family, Rose, aged thirteen, Shane, aged ten, and Brian, aged six, in her husband’s absence on service overseas. Brian seems to be thoroughly enjoying the swing his father is giving him. It is a moment of complete relaxation for one of the greatest soldiers of the century. Since 1942, when Sir Harold became Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, military history has been made by him and by the army which fought under his command which will never be forgotten as long as the British Empire lives



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By Simon Harcourt-Smith



Grouse

WITHIN a month of these lines appearing, I hope to be after grouse in Scotland. Heaven knows if I shall hit anything, for I have hardly felt a gun in my hands since the long magical autumn of Munich. Then we were all of us filled, I think, with the principle of "coronemus rosis," a desire to savour the last few fleeting months of peace and pleasure. A Chief of rare indulgence let me absent myself from the Chancery whenever there came a lull. A dash down the long, cobbled roads in a car laden with cartridges, the birds streaming over high above the beautiful woods, the memory of one's gun growing almost too hot to hold, and at last a meal so sumptuous as to be shocking by the standards of the average "shooting lunch" in these islands.

This year alas, there will, I gather, be little risk of one's guns growing too hot for one's hands! Heather unburnt, vermin unkilld, have lowered grouse stocks to a point where driving becomes futile, and you must walk sternly for every bird. It will be a discipline I shall not entirely regret. The game books at Melbury tell us with what good humour Henry Fox and his relations two centuries ago would walk all day and count themselves lucky indeed to get half a dozen brace. To our ancestors was denied the ecstatic excitement we have known when the first covey of the day breaks towards the guns, you pray they will come your way, you pray they won't, for fear you may disgrace yourself with so many eyes upon you. For them every bird shot was the reward of patience and energy. So it will probably fall out this year in Scotland.

Grouse are perhaps the unique gift of the British Isles to the altar of gastronomy. Except for a few coveys of imported colonists in the heather round Spa, no grouse, I believe, grace the Continent. Yet what exquisite eating, exceeding in delicacy all other kinds of game. Cold, hot, braised, grouse is always a majestic dish, though I prefer it *smeltane*, in the manner the Russians cook hazel hen and pheasants.

Thomas Rowlandson

AT Sotheby's last week were sold some charming drawings by Thomas Rowlandson (1752-1827).

This extraordinary genius united in a manner peculiarly English a horrible ferocity of pencil with a melting grace that is well displayed in his gallant studies. At Sotheby's, for instance, there were two drawings I infinitely coveted—one of a beauty dreaming out of a window while an old rip eyes her from the floor above; and another of two young soldiers climbing into a young piece's house as her husband vanishes down the road on his still faithful nag. Rowlandson seems to have shunned the smart world. His favourite crony was Welty, the Prince Regent's famous chef, with whom he would eat Homeric meals. Rowlandson got a bad name with the Victorians. To their ideas his preoccupation with drunkenness in his drawings smacked almost of condonation. And, indeed, I much doubt whether he was particularly rich in the Evangelical virtues.

Osbert Sitwell was one of the first in our time to appreciate this master. He possesses two superb drawings by him—a girl dancing on a tightrope, a thing of the most feathery grace and spirit, and the famous "Portsmouth Point," which, incidentally, inspired William Walton's charming if slightly hackneyed piece.

Diplomatic Service

WITH horror I read this morning that candidates for the senior branch of the Foreign Service are to be subjected henceforward, not only to the written examination and the "interview" of pre-war days, but also to tests of ability, intelligence and the capacity to talk to strangers, by "job-analysts" during a three-day stay in a country house. While the choice of young men for the Service may sometimes have proved unfortunate in the past, I can imagine no scheme more fiendish than this, or more calculated to favour the loyal robot.

Goodness knows, entry is difficult enough as it is without third-degreeing the unfortunate young candidate. I will never forget my own experience. My head buzzing with love or some tune of the night before, "Yours Sincerely" or "Body and Soul," I would take a last hasty look at some German particle or Joseph II's policy in the Low Countries. With a face of thunder my father would bid me good-bye, saying, we must accept the fact I was a good-for-nothing gadabout who had

certainly failed and would not be allowed a second chance at the exam. Then the terror of the papers neatly laid out on the desks at Old Burlington Gardens, the three hours allowed, measured inexorably by the maddening carillon from Atkinson's, that came sadiistically bouncing through the July heat. . . .

The agonizing wait through the weeks, the list of names in a *Times* bought in Cannes from a moustachioed ruffian in straw hat and gym shoes; my name not on the list; a paternal "told you so"; and then the sudden news one was in after all. . . . There are burdens enough upon the psyche, without this business of keeping one under observation for three days. . . .

Berard

ONE of the returning pleasures of peace is the appearance of friends from Paris. Francis Poulence and Georges Bernac last winter delighted us with their music and charmed us with their company. After them came Louis Aragon, whose "Crève-cœur" and "Les Yeux d'Elsa" are almost the only competent and beautiful poems produced by the late war; Georges Auric, who composed the music to "Les Matelots," one of Diaghileff's most amusing ballets, and the "Gloxinia"—my favourite among modern songs. Now "Baby" Berard has been among us.

This extraordinary talent will be remembered here by his sets for the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz when it was made into a ballet. He has been in London in connexion with the film of Shaw's *Saint Joan* which Pascal is making so soon as *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is finished. Having completed some preliminary designs for sets which are, I hear, ravishing, he flew back with Mr. Duff Cooper to Paris a few days ago.

His designs for the "Symphonie Fantastique" came as a shock to us after the soft blues, greys, and plum colours of the 'twentyish ballets. He puts delicate and harsh shades side by side with consequences that are electrical, even mystical, without being in the least namby-pamby. His extraordinary delight in any new idea, his gusto for life, the quickness of his wit, makes this plump figure, bearded like a submarine officer, some of the best company you could find.



British Occupational Forces Are in Berlin

British Occupational troops under the command of Major-General L. O. Lyne are established in Berlin. Major-General Lyne is on the extreme right. He is discussing the map of Berlin with Brigadier J. M. K. Spurling, Commander of the 131st Brigade



Officers of the Now-Famous "Nabob"

The "Nabob," torpedoed in Northern waters over a thousand miles from home, made port under her own steam at a steady 10 knots. Her skeleton crew included Cdr. Ronald Jackson, S/Lt. "Gerry" Caton Jones, S/Lt. D. G. Jupp, Captain Horatio Nelson Lay and Lt/Cdr. R. E. Bradshaw, D.S.C. (two bars)



The King and Queen Visit the Isle of Man

This picture was taken during the Royal visit to the Isle of Man. In the front row are Vice-Admiral Earl Granville, Mrs. Strickland Taylor, H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen, The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man and Countess Granville. Behind are Lieut.-Commander Purles, Lady Spencer, Sir Alan Lascelles, Miss Strickland Taylor, Mr. P. Strickland Taylor, Lady Mary Leveson Gower, Capt. Sir Harold Campbell and Capt. J. M. Carn

Shakespeare in Paris

It tells me that one of the successes in the Paris theatre at the moment is Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, translated into French by that great master, André Gide. Gide incidentally was a pioneer in bringing English literature of the eighteenth century to the notice of France.

Homeless Persians

I am houseless I have this week been trying to find country homes for my two Persian beauties, "Maf neuf" and "Missie," so far with no success. Since I was aged four, I have never been without a cat in my life. Polly was my first love, a tabby with the face of an angel. As a baby she slept in my bedroom slipper, which was reverently placed on my pillow before I went to bed. We would stroke each other to sleep.

When I went to China a whole regiment of cats dominated my house. Chinese cats have coats shorter than Persians', but thicker. In winter, the devastatingly dry winter of Peking, their coats, when you stroked them, crackled like a short-circuited electric battery.

The Chinese love to breed animals in as many colours as possible; and one of my treasures was impartially marked in black, orange, and white.

I owned a goldfish to match it. The cats lay about on the sofas in purring arabesques or ran to greet me when I came back from the Chancery, with soft cries of welcome. At mealtimes my servants would stand outside the house, tapping saucers with spoons to call the family home. As the tintinnabulation stiffened their delicate ears, they would spring from branch or roof-top, and run in softly, tails erect, to feed off two enormous Cantonese dishes, one ornamented with goldfish, the other with the crest of some forgotten nobleman.

We were a very happy family indeed, until a raw-boned American girl called Laura was left in our midst by the U.S. Naval Attaché, when he went home. She was no mixer. The first afternoon I came home to find her in the best place by the fire, while the other cats were huddled round the front door, waiting to tell me their tale of injustice.

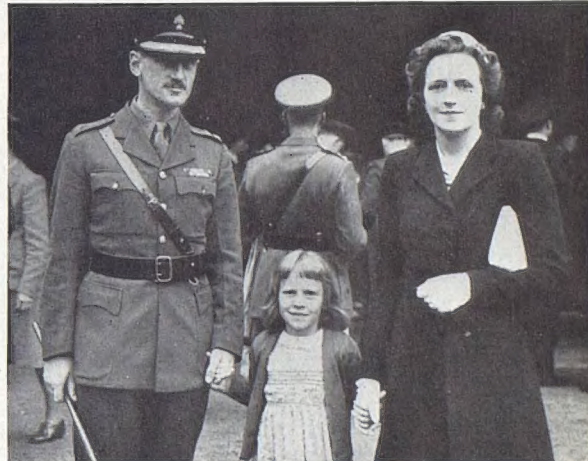
Yet plain though she was, Laura was a "femme fatale": and the topmost pagodas of the Forbidden City were the theatre of her very fancy love-making. When the League of Nations Commission led by Lord Lytton had drawn up its report on the seizure of Manchuria, in 1932, the document was placed for safety underneath the basket where Laura's latest family lay purring. The journalists of the world and a good many diplomats were

straining every nerve to find out where the report was. The spies of Peking did a handsome trade. Nobody suspected Laura, who, in any case, was preoccupied by a growing dislike for her progeny.



Double Honours for a New Zealander

Lieut.-Commander George MacDonald, R.N.Z.N.V.R., of Wellington, New Zealand, has been decorated by the King with the D.S.O. and Second Bar to his D.S.C. He was photographed leaving the Palace with his wife, Third Officer Evelyn MacDonald, W.R.N.S.



Leaving the Palace

Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Nelson received the D.S.O. and the Military Cross from the King at a recent investiture. He is seen leaving the Palace with his wife, Lady Jane Nelson, and their daughter



Sons of the Empire Are Honoured by the King

Among the Canadians who went to Buckingham Palace were Lt.-Colonel T. P. Gilday, of Montreal, who received the D.S.O., Lt.-Colonel W. Darling, of Toronto, who also received the D.S.O., and Major J. Broughall, of Toronto, who was awarded the M.B.E.



Group Captain K. Parsons represented the Australian Air Force. He received the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. Both decorations were greatly admired by the two friends who accompanied him to the investiture, Mrs. A. Lindsay and Mrs. B. Vernon

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Curiouser and Curiouser

By James Agate

WHY, many a reader must have asked, this cinematic—and theatrical—predilection for Vienna? Have we not had for some twenty years an endless series of Lilac Times, Blossom Times, Songs from Vienna, Viennese Love Songs, Viennese Lace Handkerchiefs, Viennese Emperor's Clothes and what not besides? (I am not alluding to the genuine Strauss masterpieces or even such agreeable trifles as *The Merry Widow* or *The Waltz Dream*.) Why always Vienna? Has not Naples its tarentellas, Venice its gondolas, Rome its carnivals, Madrid its boleros, Seville its seguidillas? But no, Vienna is always pushed into the limelight. The answer, *mes amis*? The answer is *The Waltz*.

NOR that I am not a waltz-fan. I am, most emphatically. I grew up revelling in Johann Strauss the elder, delighting in Lanner, going into ecstasies over Johann Strauss the younger. I love them still. What I don't love is the dreary, sparkle-less, quasi-English pastiche which so often masquerades as the real thing. The sort of feeble, vimless, pepless, and often tuneless *rechauffé* with which these pseudo-Viennese films are soured. And the latest, *Waltz Time* (Empire) is no better. Vienna, indeed! The film should have been called *Tales from the Wimbledon Woods*.

PERHAPS I am getting old; but the fact remains that, bored with yet another version of the old story about the young Empress who flirts with a young officer, goes to a Masquerade and gets herself arrested, with the usual accompaniment of ravishing Mädels, obviously from Streatham, and Kavaliers, who wouldn't understand a word spoken at Swiss Cottage, I fell asleep. I had had a surfeit of three-four time and found myself snoring in six-eight. Wherefore, awaking with a start, I brushed the cigar-ash off my coat and politely left. But not before I had realized that Carol Raye as the Empress tra-la-la'd very prettily, and that Peter Graves as the Austrian colonel swaggered about like a British subaltern between chukkas at polo. I also suspect that

Herr Tauber was somehow mixed up in it all. But the person I most envied was someone I took to be Brefni O'Rourke; though as he was recumbent on his Imperial deathbed and I saw only his chin and the tip of his nose, I can't be certain. Anyhow, he was soon out of it. Lucky dog!

A *Man Called Sullivan* (Tivoli) is all about a boxer of that name who wrested the championship from the great English fighter, Mitchell, and was himself defeated by Corbett. After this he took to drink and then saw the light, gave up the bottle, and went in for temperance-lecturing. There is far too little boxing in this film and a great deal too much about everything else. Which I suppose is the reason that the advertisements put Linda Darnell first, Greg McClure second, and Barbara Britton third. At one time I thought we were in for a first-class scrap between Linda and Barbara. But nothing came of it. I did not slumber during this film; expectation kept me awake. To no purpose.

The Affairs of Susan (Plaza) is all about—well, the affairs of Susan. Love affairs, of course—what other affairs could be interesting? Affairs with four men, one of whom she marries and, in that easy American style, divorces; another to whom she becomes engaged but doesn't marry; a third who is anti-marriage and only consents to marry her when he is drunk, but is saved by a fluke; and a fourth who, like No. 2, is engaged but is permitted to go free. That is the whole story, and it takes two hours.

SUSAN DARELL (Joan Fontaine) is an actress. When we meet her first she is engaged to No. 4, who is a high civil servant and is played by Walter Abel. Walter calls on his bride, just returned from a tour, and is not too pleased to see portraits of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 in her room. A slight cross-examination goes on. Who is No. 1? "That," says Susan, "is the handsome theatrical producer, Roger Berton" (George Brent). "He was my husband and is still my producer." And who is No. 2, the



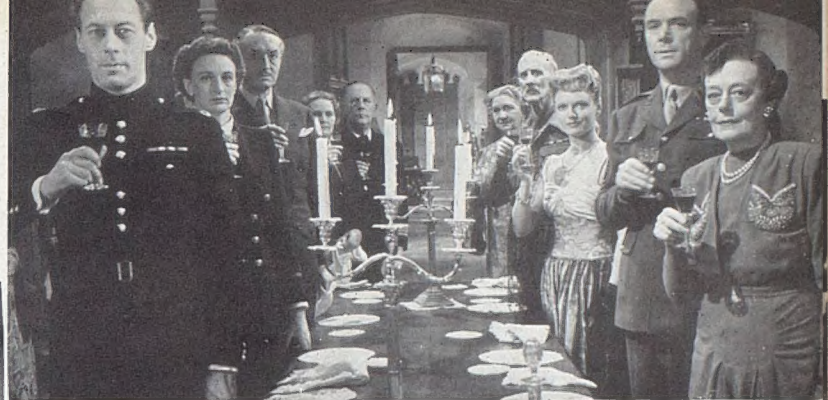
Incendiary Blonde is the life story of Texas Guinan, whose meteoric career brought her in turn to be a Wild West show-girl, Broadway star, film star, and finally notorious night-club queen. Betty Hutton has all the necessary zip and go for this high-spirited real life character of the twenties, and is ably supported by Arturo de Cordova as her gambling showman lover. In the above pictures she is seen in some of her unique, fast-moving night-club musical numbers. The film ends tragically, with Tex's early death before her lover's release from prison, where he serves time for shielding her father who has sold some fraudulent stock.

"I Live In Grosvenor Square"

Tells of England Through the
Eyes of an American Sergeant



Sergeant John Patterson, billeted in the Duke of Exmoor's house, finds his housekeeper does not like strangers, but that the Duke likes being called Pop. (Robert Morley, Nancy Price, Dean Jagger)



Major David Bruce is contesting a seat held by his party for centuries in a Devon by-election, and there is a family celebration the night before (Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, Dean Jagger, Irene Vanbrugh)

● Herbert Wilcox's fine story of Anglo-American relations inspired by one of London's finest old squares, now often called "Eisenhower Platz," has a magnificent cast which includes such British stars as Anna Neagle, Rex Harrison and Robert Morley, while the Hollywood star, Dean Jagger, plays the American sergeant.

On the day of the by-election the Duke as Mayor reads out that David is defeated



David's non-election is not such a bitter blow as the knowledge that the Duke's granddaughter is in love with John Patterson (Dean Jagger, Anna Neagle, Rex Harrison)



To solve the love triangle John Patterson goes back to combat duty and is killed flying, but is remembered always in Grosvenor Square (Robert Morley, Anna Neagle, Rex Harrison)

husky Western? "That," says Susan, is Mike Ward" (Don DeFore). "We were engaged." And who is No. 3? "An intellectual novelist," says Susan. "Bill Anthony" (Dennis O'Keefe). "We were engaged." So the civil servant collects the three and asks them what they know about Susan, and each one in turn relates the history of his "affair," and the civil servant is delighted to hear that Susan is simple, unaffected, truthful, complex, artificial and a frightful liar, and wants to marry her more than ever. At the end comes a Surprise—a secret which wild horses will not drag from me.

THE stories of the producer, the Western and the novelist are told in flash back. All Susan, of course; she never leaves the screen. Plenty of "fat" in Susan's part, believe me—she is a naïve girl at first, then she becomes an actress and plays St. Joan, but not by Mr.

Shaw, then, she acts off the stage, laughs, cries, lies, quarrels, throws herself about and altogether has a hell of a time. Do we like her? I'm afraid we don't. We find her shallow, fickle, disloyal, drunken and often exceedingly stupid. But the men go on being in love. Why? Apart from her acting, which we never see, she seems devoid of any intellectual or domestic accomplishment. She isn't even, with all due respect to Joan, markedly good-looking. Why are all these saps so keen to have her as a wife? Only Hollywood knows.

BUT the glorification of the nitwit is as old as the screen itself, and I am convinced that a large section of the filmgoing public likes nitwits who change their frocks in every sequence, and would be seriously annoyed if they ever encountered a heroine with more than the brains of a rabbit. If this were not so, who would go to see all this amorous flaffa

and fiddle-de-dee? Does a faint feeling of boredom come over any of the audience? If it does, then I haven't noticed it. Every one, in this film and in a hundred similar films, woos, wins, is rejected, quarrels, is reconciled, buys the girl presents, takes a girl a-supper and a-dancing, is hooked, is released, is hoodwinked, is cajoled, is kissed, is spurned, is taken back again—suffering cats, what a dreary, hackneyed merry-go-round it all is. Don't people ever get sick of it? No, says the Great Cinema Public, we never get sick of it.

JOAN does the best she can with her impossible part, and the four lovers make the best of their opportunities. But it would have been a much better film if one, or all, of the lovers had thrown Susan into the sea and resumed their back-chat on some other subject. Much better. Only, of course, no one would go to see it.

The Theatre

The Comédie Française (New)

THE fortnight's season of the Comédie Française—the world's most famous theatrical company with a style of acting moulded by nearly three centuries of cherished tradition—was received in London as an event of historic significance. The King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose and the Duchess of Kent honoured the occasion by their presence at some of the performances. At the same time the Old Vic Company were in Paris, the first foreign company to be accorded the privilege of playing on the sacred boards of the Théâtre Français; and since, according to all reports, our actors were received with the utmost cordiality, the complementary visits happily symbolized the resumption of civilized intercourse between the French and English peoples which the German occupation suspended for five long years. Audiences outside London have never been given the opportunity to see the Comédie until now when the London season is being followed by a short tour in the country, a relaxation of custom which will be greatly appreciated.

It would be but a hollow form of courtesy to pretend that our distinguished visitors were uniformly brilliant in each of the half a dozen pieces in their repertoire. Brilliant indeed they were in *Tartuffe* and in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*; excellent in *Le Barbier de Seville* and in *Ruy Blas*; but in *Phèdre*, which has stirred successive generations of great French actresses to their best, they were disappointing. Even here, however, there was delight—and for our own stage instruction—in the superb and almost unflinching orchestration of the voices, which were all singing voices, and in the perfection of the timing which kept a standard only reached in this country by certain music-hall turns. A sentence spoken with anything less than true distinctiveness called attention to itself as though the player had unintentionally stumbled against a footstool; and the tiniest

action not precisely suited to the word momentarily blurred an exquisite pattern which the stage movement was continually weaving.

The perfection of this classical playing was found in *Tartuffe*. M. Jean Yonnel played Molière's hypocritical saint, not, as Febvre and other great exponents of Molière have played him, as a sinister scoundrel, nor yet as Coquetin always did, as a creation of pure comedy, but as a real man whose pretensions were held firmly under a comic light. His first attempt to seduce his benefactor's wife from the purest of motives was lightly comic, but when Elmire had professed encouragement for the benefit of her husband hidden under the table Tartuffe wooed with the seriousness of a sensualist, and when the mask was down the actor smoothly let in the light of day and the comic character stood revealed as a dangerous hypocrite, treacherous, sensual and vindictive. M. Louis Seigneur was deliciously absurd as the husband complacently nursing his delusive fixed idea, and Mme Germaine Rouer caught with precision the dignity of the beautiful bourgeois wife who may not love her husband but has a tender regard for his dignity. In *L'Impromptu de Versailles* M. Pierre Dux gave a finely supple performance of Molière rehearsing his troupe for an imaginary play in which he gives his enemies of the Court and of the theatre rather more than blow for blow.

Ruy Blas, in which Victor Hugo romanticizes a lackey who loves a Queen in the grand manner of the Romantic Movement, is a trifle stilted to modern eyes, and the company were careful not to do much more than speak the tirades as they should be spoken. Until the last few scenes, when the piece still acts well, they interpreted Hugo to the ear rather than to the eye, a method which worked well.

Phèdre was the only tragedy to be presented, and it soon became evident that the success



Le Barbier de Seville: Pierre Dux as Figaro and Mony Dalmes as Rosine

which had attended the presentment of the various comedies and the drama was not to be sustained.

"Ariane ma sœur" (says Phèdre), "de quel amour blessée, Vous mourûtes au bords où vous fâtes laissée."

It is said that when Rachel spoke these two lines of Racine on the stage for the first time the effect was so tremendous that Alfred de Musset fainted in his box. We have not perhaps the sensibility of de Musset, and it is possible that not even for Rachel should we swoon, but none the less we do still look to Phèdre for tremendous effects; and Mme Bell, beautifully as she spoke, was never more tremendous than we expect Hamlet's mother to be.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Ruy Blas: Clarisse Deudon as Une Dame d'honneur and Marie Bell as La Reine

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Ruy Blas: Jean Yonnel as Don Saluste and Paul Deiber as Ruy Blas



The Old Vic Company leave the Comédie Française after rehearsal. In the background is Alfred de Musset's monument

The Old Vic Theatre Company in Paris

Gala Performance of
"Richard III." is Given
a Great Ovation

A brilliant audience were at the opening of the fortnight's season given under the auspices of the British Council by the Old Vic Theatre Company at the Comédie Française. Tumultuous applause broke out at the fall of the curtain, and Laurence Olivier, acknowledging the ovation on behalf of the Company, expressed in French the deep honour they all felt in being members of the first British company to play at the historic house of Molière



Annabella, the film-star, who has been entertaining the troops in "Blithe Spirit," gives her autograph. Leaning over her shoulder is Laurence Evans, general manager of the Old Vic Theatre Company



Laurence Olivier is congratulated on his brilliant performance as Richard. Wartime contrast in costume is more than ever evident



The French actress Gabrielle Dorziat congratulates Dame Sybil Thorndike. Many well-known French stars of stage and screen were present, including Louis Jouvet, Madeleine Renaud and Jacqueline Delubac



Among the representatives of the world of French letters were such famous writers as François Mauriac and André Gide



Louis Aragon, France's best-known modern poet, brought his wife, Elsa Triolet, who has just been awarded the Prix Goncourt for her short stories



Lady Diana Cooper, wife of the British Ambassador in Paris, arrived at the theatre escorted by M. Jean Cocteau, the writer and poet

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Island Visit

AN island garden-party, and an Investiture on the top of the eleventh-century Tynwald Hill, were the social highlights of Their Majesties' highly successful visit to the Isle of Man, during which they stayed at Government House, Douglas, with Admiral Earl Granville and Lady Granville, who is the Queen's sister. Six hundred guests were asked to the garden-party, which was held in the pleasant grounds of the green and white, unpretentious home of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the King and Queen made a lengthy tour of the gardens, during which they found an opportunity of talking to nearly every one of the guests. One of the longest talks the King had was with veteran Sir Herbert Barker, pioneer protagonist of osteopathy, who, with Lady Barker, has made his home on the island for some time past.

For the Granvilles, the Royal Party was in the nature of a farewell to all their friends in the island, for Lord Granville is leaving Douglas in a month or two to take up his new post as Governor of Northern Ireland.

Her Majesty wore a different dress for each day of the visit; deep lilac on the day of arrival, when she was greeted with kisses on the cheek and hand and a deep curtsy from her elder sister; blue on the second, and a warm peach shade on the third, while the King remained in naval uniform throughout. So much did the King and Queen enjoy the serenading by a mixed choir of island singers after dinner on their first night in the isle, that they came out on to the lawns to thank them and asked them to sing again the following night.

Lady Spencer and Sir Alan Lascelles were in attendance on Their Majesties during the visit, which ended with a flight back to Northolt in a Dakota of the R.A.F. Transport Command.

Royal Ascot

THE Royal Hunt Cup and the Gold Cup, both run on the same day at Ascot for the first time since 1939, provided a wonderful day's racing and attracted a tremendous crowd, but failed to come up to the standard of pre-war Ascot.

There was no Royal Enclosure, grandstand enclosure or Tattersalls' enclosed; no club tents, no flowers, hardly a blade of grass on the lawns, and a very noticeable shortage of most essentials, like car-parking spaces, cloak-rooms, food and refreshments and, worst of all, race-cards. These latter ran out long before racing started, and several thousand people, including owners and at least one famous Newmarket trainer, went through the day without one.

The two big races were won by the Earl of Rosebery and Col. "Jock" Whitney, both of whom are staunch supporters of the Turf, and have done invaluable work during the war years in helping to carry on the racing and breeding of the best British bloodstock.

Col. Whitney is one of the best-known American owners, and has had horses in training with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket for some years. Before the war he had many good 'chasers in training with Jack Anthony, and won such good 'chases as the National Hunt Steeplechase and the Cheltenham Gold Cup: he also races extensively in America.

Lord Rosebery, who has carried on the family traditions of breeding really good winners (including a Derby winner), won the Gold Cup for the first time, and there was loud cheering as his horse, Ocean Swell, passed the winning-post a length and a half in front of the favourite, Tehran, owned by the Aga Khan, with Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Abbots Fell third.

In the Royal Box

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, looking bronzed and well and wearing naval uniform, arrived with Princess Elizabeth, who was wearing a jaunty little hat made of gaily-coloured flowers with a long grey coat. They were escorted up to the Royal Box by the Duke of Norfolk, and were there just in time to see the race for the Royal Hunt Cup run. After this race they went down to the paddock to see the Gold Cup horses parade: these included a Derby winner, an Oaks winner, a St. Leger winner and the Coronation Cup winner, Borealis. The King had a long talk to Lord Rosebery in the paddock, and after the race was one of the first to congratulate him on his win. His Majesty left soon after the Gold Cup, but Princess Elizabeth stayed on to watch the other races. Lady Mary Herbert, one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, was in the Royal Box: others there during the afternoon were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery



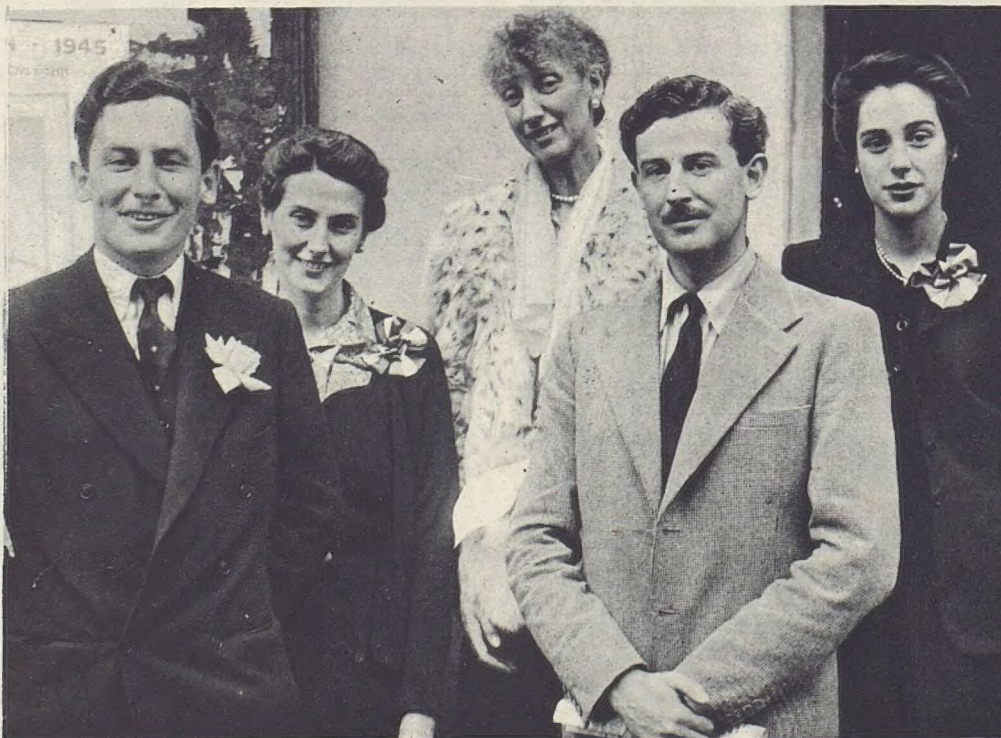
London Wedding

Married in London recently were Joyce Countess Howe and Lt. Frederick Lichirie, U.S. Forces. Mrs. Lichirie is a South African, and is the daughter of the late C. M. Jack, and of Mrs. Jack, of Johannesburg

and Lord Rosebery's only daughter, Lady Helen Vivian-Smith; Maud Countess Fitzwilliam and her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Lady Joan Philipps; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter having a long talk to Sir Eric Mieville, the King's Assistant Private Secretary; Major Michael Adeane, W/Cdr. Peter Townsend and Capt. Lord Wyfold. The Earl and Countess of Sefton, Lady Dorothea Head and the Earl of Pembroke also spent some time with the Royal party.

The Clothes

ONCE again, as at so many smart gatherings this year, white hats were to the fore and navy and white the favourite colour scheme. Lady Rosebery wore a tall white piqué hat with her navy and white print; her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, was in navy and white too, and so were Lady Joan Philipps, Lady Sefton, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Lady Lovat, Mrs. Eric Davis, Lady Jean Christie, Mrs. Philip Hill, Mrs. George Lowther, Mrs. Peter Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, the Hon. Enid Paget and many more. Lady Patricia Aherne looked very smart in a long coat of fine black-ribbed silk and a large black hat. Mrs. Hugo Brassey, wearing a bright green dress and hat, was escorted by her husband, who is in the Greys and was home on leave from B.L.A. Mrs. van Cutsem, Mrs. Dennis Russell



Lord Lovat Speaks for Conservative Candidate Brother

Major the Hon. Hugh C. P. Fraser, Conservative candidate in the Stone (Staffordshire) Division, is seen with his brother, Lord Lovat, well known as the famous leader of Commandos, who has been speaking for him throughout the campaign. With them are their sisters, the Countess of Eldon, the Hon. Mrs. Phipps, and their mother, Laura Lady Lovat (centre)

Woodley, Werrington

Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Murray-Smith, Mrs. Bernard Rubin, Lady Broughton and Princess Pavlovsky were all looking nice in gaily printed dresses, and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps wore one of the gayest hats—a mass of brightly-coloured flowers.

Among the Racegoers

SIR JOSEPH and Lady Napier were walking round together; so were Major and Mrs. Curzon-Howe, who were greeting many friends. Major Curzon-Howe had only returned two days earlier from the Far East, where he has been serving for the past three years. Lady Ursula Vernon, the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, was there with her husband, who everyone was so pleased to see about again; he has been very ill for many months and can still only get about slowly on two sticks, as the result of a germ he picked up in the Middle East while serving out there with his regiment, the Irish Guards.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the latter in a fawn suit with one of her favourite little skull-caps, were chatting to friends in the paddock; Major Peter Herbert and Capt. the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, two members of the British team which competed in an International Steeplechase at Marseilles last week, had managed to fit in an afternoon's racing on their way and flew on at dawn the next morning. General Sir Miles Dempsey was another who had flown home for this meeting from his headquarters with the Second Army. The Hon. Mrs. John Wills, the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones and Mrs. Lambe were a trio chatting together: the young Marquess of Blandford was looking very smart in his new uniform (he has just joined the Life Guards); and amongst others in this very big crowd were Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Miss Gypsy Lawrence, Lord and Lady Stavordale, Capt. Philip Dunne, Col. Nigel Weatherall, Major "Washie" and Lady Patricia Hibbert, Sir Eric Ohlson, W/Cdr. Woolf Barnarto and Lord Portlinton.

Scottish Newsreel

THERE was quite a pre-war garden-party air about the most successful fête which the Marquess of Tweeddale and his newly-married wife—the former Mrs. Marjorie Nettlefold—held recently in the grounds of Yester House, their lovely East Lothian home. (Pictures on page 77.)



Newly Married

Bassano

Mrs. Hugh Maitland Prettejohn was formerly Miss Audrey Bride Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seton Gordon, of Upper Duntuilim, Isle of Skye. She was married last month to Mr. H. M. Prettejohn, son of Mr. R. B. Prettejohn, of Park House, Tenby, Pembroke

The fête, organised in aid of the Red Cross, was eloquently declared open by the Marchioness of Linlithgow. She came over from Philipstoun—a dower house on Lord Linlithgow's Hopetoun House Estate, near South Queensferry, where the family now make their headquarters. For some years Philipstoun was leased to Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark, who have since commuted to Dundas Castle, near by.

Business was brisk among the stalls, which were arranged beneath the trees, a wise precaution, since the afternoon was punctuated by April showers. At one of them, presided over by Mrs. Harry Wagg—the Marchioness of Tweeddale's mother—was a most impressive array of toys. All of them had been made by the Marquis of Tweeddale—an expert toy-maker—with the aid of his younger daughter, Lady Daphne Morley-Fletcher. Needless to say, few of them remained by the end of the day. The other daughters of the house—Lady

Georgina Coleridge and Lady Frances Hay—put in a lot of hard work. The former, whose ex-soldier husband, Mr. Arthur Coleridge, made a most able and compelling auctioneer, was snowed under with applications for the "ankle competition"; while her two-year-old baby daughter, Frances, and her nannie canvassed raffle tickets for a particularly sumptuous cake.

The afternoon's attractions included a fancy-dress parade for the children, a pipe band and a scintillating "circus star-turn," provided by Lady Daphne Morley-Fletcher's pet goats. Lady Daphne's husband is working for A.M.G.O.T. in Italy, but her two small children, Hugo and Victoria, were there.

Others at the fête were Col. Henry O'Brien and his wife, Lady Helen O'Brien, the Earl of Haddington's sister; Lady Dalrymple, and Miss Molly Marrow, the hard-working secretary of the East Lothian Red Cross Association.



Australians Give a Garden-Party

At the garden-party the Duchess of Devonshire is seen chatting to Lt.-Col. D. Sharpe and Brig. I. Campbell, D.S.O., who is the Commandant of the Reception Group of the Australian Imperial Force dealing with the repatriation of Australian P.O.W.s at Eastbourne



Henley Royal Regatta: Victory for Imperial College and Radley

Lady Victor Paget, seen with Miss De Loayza, were both taking an interest in the events during which Radley won the Public School Eights from Eton, who were the favourites

Enjoying the sun and the regatta were Lord Nuffield and Mrs. Harcourt Gould. The Open Eights in which twenty-four crews competed, was won by Imperial College

The weather was perfect for the races. The High Commissioner for Australia, the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, and Mrs. Bruce were among the many interested spectators

Ascot Cup Day

Large Crowds Flock to See Two Famous Races :
the Gold Cup and the Royal Hunt Cup



Four people who were enjoying the day's racing were Mrs. Kekewich, Col. Giles Loder, Mr. Peter Burrell, who is Director of the National Stud, and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy

Photographs by Swaebe



Mrs. George Lowther, who is well known in the Pychley country, Mrs. Hugh Brassey, the daughter of Capt. Maurice Kingscote, the Joint-Master of the Meynell, and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy



Countess Fitzwilliam, the wife of the present Earl, who is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, was with her mother-in-law, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, and both were concentrating hard on their race-cards



It was a great day for the Earl of Rosebery, seen with the Countess of Rosebery, when his horse Ocean Swell won the Gold Cup from the favourite, Tehran



A family party were Major McCalmont, who is the son of Major Dermot and the late Lady Helen McCalmont, Mrs. McCalmont and her brother, Lt. R. D. Sutton

Another well-known owner was Mrs. Philip Hill, whose horse Mustang started favourite for the Hunt Cup but was not placed. She was accompanied by S/Ldr. L. Partington



Mrs. Peter Thin, who is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Mark Sykes, and Mrs. J. H. Sutton were following events with a keen interest



Lady Sykes, who is the wife of Sir Richard Sykes, the owner of the famous Sledmere Stud, and Mrs. Robin Wilson were both listening to Mr. Jeremy Tree



The owner of Prawn Curry and other good horses is Mr. A. J. Redman. He and Mrs. Redman were both at Ascot to see his horse run in the Royal Hunt Cup



Capt. the Earl Fitzwilliam, Grenadier Guards, is a keen supporter of racing. He is seen with Lady Stanley of Alderley



Walking briskly were Major and Mrs. Murray-Smith. He is in the Blues and was home on leave from his regiment

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

READING very softly and stooping low, in order not to attract the eagle glance of our friend Mr. Arnold Lunn, we observe that there will be a Whymper Week at Zermatt this month to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the first ascent of the Matterhorn by the great Whymper Edward—"Ted" to the Alpine Club.

Why the great Whymper did it remains to us still a mystery, though Mr. Lunn's entrancing recent book on the Alps is our constant bedtime study. The efforts of the Alpine boys, who are governed by rage and fear, like foxhunters, seem to us otiose and the rewards trifling. To have those lofty ethical thoughts Alpinists specialise in you don't need to go through all that agony. Rousseau and Ruskin did it by looking up at the Alps from below, which is sensible. Probably Ruskin, who generally travelled with a valet and was equally fond of sunsets and Sillery (both of which can be enjoyed sitting down), annoyed many Alpinists by waving a patronising lily hand to them from the terrace as they staggered past and down, gasping and purple and absolutely all in. They knew Ruskin was thinking far more beautiful thoughts about mountains than they were.

Afterthought

MAYBE Ruskin annoyed them also by audible complaints to his valet.

"Rapson."

"Yes, sir?"

"I came here to think about the sunset on the Wafflehorn."

"Yes, sir."

"It is impossible, Rapson, to think about Alpine sunsets when the eye is distracted by a sequence of ape-like figures bent double with fatigue and misery."

"No, sir."

"Have you my work entitled *British Painters*?"

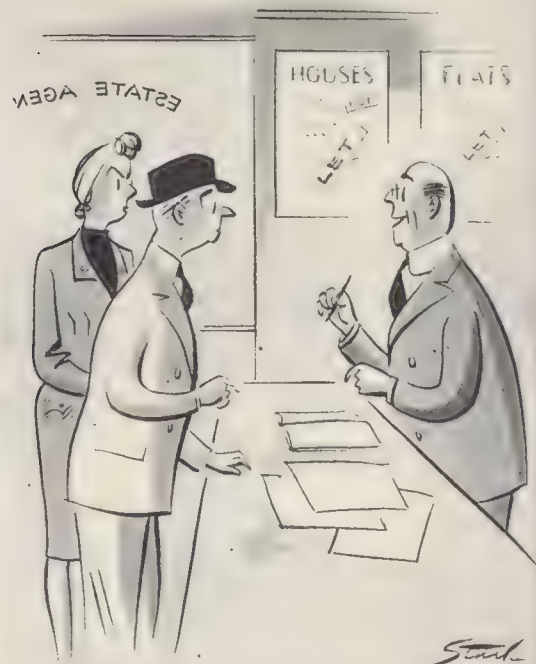
"Here, sir."

"Read me a long, exquisite passage."

Naturally any Alpinist angry and rude enough could easily get back at Ruskin by shouting as he passed: "How's the memsahib?", for Mrs. Ruskin had recently left Mr. Ruskin to marry Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Millais, R.A. However, there are no rude Alpinists, our spies report.

Gesture

REMARKING that the French Second Empire is not very interesting, a languid chap forgot one very interesting thing about



"I can put you on the waiting-list of those waiting to go on the waiting-list!"

it, namely that it was more or less founded by a West End tailor.

The tailor who lent Louis Napoleon £10,000 for that purpose was Mr. Poole, of the eminent firm in Savile Row; the same Mr. Poole, unless we err abominably, who figures in Disraeli's novel *Endymion* as "Mr. Vigo," the intimate of the great and a highly attractive though wealthy personality. Whether Mr. Disraeli was himself indebted to Mr. Poole at all we wouldn't know. It is hardly possible that any tailor of taste would care to encourage those fancy waistcoats in which a Byzantine imagination delighted. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli with Oriental cunning may have worn them deliberately to daze and confuse Mr. Gladstone and also to remind the Queen of Balmoral, which was decorated in striking tartan motifs throughout, as you remember. The whole decorative scheme of that period was such unmitigated hell that anything may have been possible, and Mr. Gladstone's excessively high collars seem to us significant. Faced suddenly by some large female Liberal in rich purple crinoline, emerald shawl, and magenta pork-pie hat he could duck down at once inside them, maybe. He was not invited to Windsor like Disraeli, possibly owing to this nervous habit, or *tic*. On the other hand he became Britain's Grand Old Man. You can't have everything.

Footnote

WHETHER kindly Mr. Poole got his £10,000 back before the Second Empire went down the drain we've never discovered. It was just a typical gesture, easy, dignified, nonostentatious. The nearest thing to it nowadays, probably, is the manner of James ("Boss") Agate retrieving his sacred bowler from the Café Royal cloakroom.

Tribute

WHAT Gengis Khan, the Mongol Hitler, would have thought of that wreath of roses recently laid on
(Concluded on page 78)



"I'm having suprême-de-foie-gras-à-champagne: I like to feel I'm helping to put France back on her feet"



Yester House, Gifford, East Lothian

Fête for the Red Cross, Held in Scotland

● Yester House, the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale's beautiful Scottish home near Gifford, in East Lothian, was the scene of a most successful fête held in aid of the Red Cross. The fête was opened by the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who motored over from her home near South Queensferry. The Marchioness of Tweeddale did brisk business at the toy stall, where all the toys were made by her husband, who is an expert toy-maker, while Captain Coleridge, the Marquess of Tweeddale's son-in-law, made a most proficient auctioneer



The Marquess of Tweeddale was playing bowls, while the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who opened the fête, looked on with interest

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon

Left: Acting as auctioneer was Captain Arthur Coleridge; with him were Lady Daphne Morley-Fletcher and his wife, Lady Georgina Coleridge, who are daughters of the Marquess of Tweeddale



Mrs. Francis Hopkinson came over from Dunbar and brought her small daughter Tessa, who seemed to be enjoying the fête



Miss Rosemary Nettlefold, who was in the W.R.N.S. until recently, and her step-sister, Lady Frances Hay, put in a lot of hard work at one of the stalls



Surveying the scene from her pram was the Marquess of Tweeddale's granddaughter, little Frances Coleridge, while the Marchioness of Tweeddale kept an eye on her



Sir Philip Dundas of Arniston's sister, Mrs. Peter Reid, came with her two children, David and Delia. She is a niece of the Earl of Home

Standing By ...

(Continued)

his 700-year-old tomb by the General Commanding the U.S. forces in China is pretty easy to guess. He'd have judged that the military character is weakening.

A slightly self-conscious ceremony it must have been for the General, incidentally. Few chaps, we guess, can work up much real emotion nowadays over the memory of a brute like Gengis Khan, though it is wonderful what chaps can do in the emotional line. We've seen real tears in the eyes of a stout, healthy New York publisher during that annual rose-laying ceremony at Stratford-upon-Avon before the alleged bust of the presumed author of *Hamlet*. In the completely bogus Birthplace he choked. In Anne Hathaway's cottage, so-called, he nearly sobbed over the famous oak settle where Shakespeare never dandled Anne on his knee. For all this tear-jerking sequence there was not one shred of excuse, since the whole thing is flaffa, as we reminded him later.

This conversation ensued:

"Why shouldn't I cry?"

"Because it's just a big racket."

"Well, wouldn't not being in on it make you want to cry?"

"Not in public."

"I see. Too proud?"

"Yes."

"*Morgue britannique*, and all that?"

"Yes." (Pause.)

"So if Shakespeare in person came into my New York office and started signing on the dotted line I mustn't cry, huh?"

"It would be Shakespeare who'd be doing the crying."

We had him there, he admitted; not that any rich publisher minds a passing dirty crack from us inky boys. He gets his big laugh twice a year, when the statements go out.

Blush

WHIMSY in the publicity world is spreading regrettably, we notice. When tried and trusty old sobersides like electrical engineers start romping with the public and referring to "Messrs. Volt and Amp" and "Mr. and Mrs. Watt" we personally hide under the bedclothes in a perfect frenzy of shyness.

We asked one of the big ad. boys about it. He said it's an epidemic, and must rage itself out. He said there is hardly a heavy-industry combine in the country without stout red-faced publicity executives hurrying to and fro and thinking up roguish cracks for the next board-meeting. "How would it be for that Atlantic boring job," they cry, "if we used a funny little man in a comic hat called Percy Pressure?" The Board will discuss this for hours. Many directors have aunts with a divine sense of humour. Others

take in *Punch*. This ad. chap himself recently thought up a charmingly arch scheme which he hopes to put across Vickers-Armstrong, enabling them to sell more battleships. The idea centres round a dainty little character called Miss Woopsy Whoomp.

WOOPSY WHOOMP says:

That's certainly a dweffle big battleship you bought yesterday—but DID YOU TWY THE GUNS? Honest?

In a VICKERS ship you touch a teeny-weeny button and the guns go WHOOMP-WHOOMP! Like that! Wight off!

Buy a VICKERS cwuiser and bwing a weal sparkle to her eyes!

This is expected by the publicity racket to make the armaments racket sick with pleasure.

Entente

To find the National Sweet Pea Society and the National Carnation Society exhibiting under the same roof at Royal Horticultural Hall recently seems to indicate, a chap in close touch tells us, that an old unhappy feud is ended.

It lasted some time, apparently. The aim of the National Sweet Pea Society was to broadcast fragrant, dainty allure and womanly delicacy by encouraging



"Gee, you've charged me for spring chicken and 1860 port, and served me the other way round"

Late Victorian elderly gentlewomen and tall wellbred girls in grey silk to grow and arrange sweet peas of every hue in artistic bowls and vases. The aim of the Carnation Society was to provide raffish Late Victorian men-about-town with buttonholes. Before long, when a Sweet Pea met a Carnation in the street she would avert her eyes and skirts.

If greeted by a leer from the Carnation she would strike him across the face with a glove. Complaints kept pouring in to the Secretary of the R.H.S., who had a frightful time.

"Insufferable! Outrageous! I shall complain to my brother-in-law in the Dragoons!"

"I see. Yes. H'm. I see."

Here the Secretary fussed miserably with papers. The Carnation twirled his waxed moustache and leered. The Sweet Pea's bosom heaved.

"By Jove, dammit! Not a bad-lookin' filly, by Jove!"

"Yes, yes. H'm. Er—chrn. I see."

"Well, Mr. Spoffingham? Are you going to horsewhip this person?"

Here the Carnation uttered a coarse laugh and smelt his buttonhole.

"Er—h'm. Yes. I see. Er—Miss Golightly! Miss Golightly!"

Here the Secretary rushed away after an imaginary Miss Golightly and hid behind a clump of flowering mimosa till the show closed for the day.

What ended this long conflict between virtue and vice was the marriage of a dewy Sweet Pea to a reformed Carnation who said "Dammit, little girl, I mean to say, what? Dammit, by Jove!" It soon became the mark of a boulder to quiz Sweet Peas, and the breach was healed.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Grandpa, do try not to drop crumbs on the carpet"



Pathetically mother-ridden Jeffrey Lawson (Marten Tiffen) is in love with Emily Blachman's elder daughter, Rosemary (Peggy Evans), who is quite unaware of his unrequited passion



The unexpected arrival of Rita Kirby (Rowena Ronald) causes consternation in the household, as she blatantly vamps every man she meets, including Jim, who is very susceptible to feminine charm

● Mr. Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein's rollicking comedy of life in an Arizona boarding-house is rich with a variety of fantastic characters who thread their way in and out of the play. The story centres round the Blachman family, who keep the boarding-house. Angela Baddeley plays Emily Blachman, the Irish-tempered but faithful wife (whose efficiency continually saves her swashbuckling husband from ruin), with spirit and vivacity, while Frank Leighton is a dashing Jim Blachman. Alison Leggatt, Kathleen Boutall and Rowena Ronald head a colourful supporting cast. The play is produced by Austin Melford

Photographs by Houston Rogers



Jim Blachman (Frank Leighton) finds he has to use all his famous charm to placate his hot-tempered but adoring wife Emily (Angela Baddeley) after one of their quarrels

"Chicken Every Sunday"

Life and its Complications in an Arizona Boarding-House



Rita Kirby's husband (Cameron Hall) arrives in answer to a mysterious telegram. He is greeted by Oliver and Ruth Blachman (Brian Parker and Linda Bacon), who make a thriving business out of selling flowers on the excuse that their father is broke



Miss Sally (Alison Leggatt), a lonely woman whose vanity leads her into some rather eccentric forms of beauty treatment, clashes on the stairs with Jim and Mr. Kirby's tipsy mother-in-law, Milly Moon (Kathleen Boutall), who has been left on his hands

Soldier Film-Star

Colonel David Niven with
and Son at Their Windsor



Family foursome: The David Nivens with young David and Victoria the Peke

● Lt.-Col. and Mrs. David Niven were married at Huish, near Marlborough, in 1940, soon after Col. Niven's return to this country from Hollywood to rejoin the Army. David Niven, son of the late General W. C. Niven, H.L.I., and of the late Lady Comyn-Platt, originally planned to make the Army his career and was at Stowe and Sandhurst. In 1935 he went to Hollywood and was very soon swept up into the maelstrom of the film industry. Natural charm and histrionic ability brought immediate success and long-term contracts. While over here David Niven has appeared by special War Office permission in two British films, Leslie Howard's *The First of the Few* and *Two Cities*—both of which have proved outstanding successes. His present home is a lovely fifteenth-century cottage on the banks of the Thames near Windsor, and here his wife, the former Primula Rollo, who was an officer in the W.A.A.F. when she married, and is the daughter of F/Lt. William Rollo, M.C., and Lady Kathleen Rollo, is living with their young son, David Jnr., who was born in 1942



Playing Trains: Father Looks On



Noel Coward's christening present to his godson, David Jnr., was a cocktail-shaker with the words: "Because my Godson dear I rather feel you'll turn out like your Father"



A promising partnership: David Niven Jr. at Sandhurst and believes in early training

Leave

Wife
me



ger for Sand-
ng generation



The Orchard Trees Were in Full Bloom When this Picture was Taken of Col. and Mrs. David Niven

The Society of Individualists

Leading Members of the Society at a Luncheon in London



Listening with interest: Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, C.B.E., M.P., Chairman of the Executive Committee



Emphasising a point: Lt.-Col. Alan V. G. Dower, M.P., Chairman of the National Council



Speaking eloquently: Sir Leonard Lyle, Bt., M.P., Deputy-President



Reading it over: Cdr. R. T. Bower, M.P., R.N., Deputy Chairman of the National Council



Deep in thought: Major H. E. Crawford, A.F.C., a Joint Secretary



Sharing a manuscript: Lord Teviot, a member of the Executive Committee, and Mr. C. Lang Neil



Talking it over: Sir Ernest Benn, Bt., C.B.E., President, with Viscount Leverhulme, Vice-President



In good form: the Joint Treasurers, Sir Frederic Hamilton and Dr. C. K. Allen, M.C., Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford



In serious discussion: the Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas Hacking, Bt., M.P., and Mr. Cecil Palmer

● Leading members of the Society of Individualists, which was formed in 1942, met in London recently at a luncheon. The society stands in the front line of those in support of fullest freedom and individual action. The work of the society is educational and propagandist; it is concerned with principles rather than passing political expediences, and aims at strengthening that great body of responsible opinion on which they think good statesmanship can only be founded. Among the members are well-known and brilliant writers, politicians and business men

*Photographs by
Pictorial Press*



Public School Cricket: Malvern Draw with Dulwich

D. R. Stuart

Malvern, still evacuated at Harrow, have drawn with Dulwich and the M.C.C., and have beaten Tonbridge. Sitting: B. W. Hastilow, T. P. M. Hughes-Morgan, R. Henderson (captain), K. W. Mayne, R. H. Hanck. Standing: R. M. Jones, G. C. Francis, J. L. Garson, B. W. Burton, J. S. Lloyd, R. M. S. George

Dulwich, who have drawn with Harrow, Malvern and Bedford, have beaten Haileybury and Aldenham. Sitting: P. J. Slee, J. A. C. Bentall, I. D. F. Coult (captain), R. D. Gill, D. S. Spink. Standing: A. V. Hughes, A. A. D. Moore, E. R. Harris, P. D. Edgley, J. C. Bailey, W. M. Mitchell

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

vers

In this Jockey Club Cup form we all ought to take a price about Ocean Swell [for the Gold Cup] if we can get (These notes, October 16th, 1944.) I hope of us did! Quite apart from the pleasure to congratulate someone who does so much for our bloodstock industry as does Lord Rose and the purely personal satisfaction of having declined to leave the line of the hunted this country has great cause for satisfaction the fact that it has now yet another firmly established sire of stayers. If certain acts, matters and things had not supervened in 1939, Peter must have added the Leger to his Thousand and Derby successes. Now this horse has dug himself in, and is quite as able an asset to a great industry, in which Great Britain can claim a virtual monopoly, as is Hyperion, and as were Gainsborough, Solario, and some others. It would now be ungenerous, and also very foolish, not to add Nearco's name. He is, incidentally, almost as English-bred as it is possible to get them: Phalaris, Spearmint, Dark Legend; and St. Simon all over both sides of the pedigree. We may have plenty of sires and dams capable of giving us high-speed animals up to 1 mile or 1½ miles, but we have none too many who can be relied upon to produce the thing that matters most.

Well-proven

All these sires just catalogued have proved themselves, and their descendants, now in action, have given us good assurance that they will carry on where their forbears left off. Ocean Swell, Dante; Midas, who is by Hyperion; Tehran, who is by Bois Roussel, by Solario; Abbots Fell by Felstead, with a line back to grand old Carbine, the New Zealander, and always "Old Jack" to the Australians; Historic, another Solario; Triumvir, a grand-looking horse by Trimdon, and I am not prepared to believe that he does not put it all in, and there are some more, so it does not look as if we were likely to lose the place we have so rightfully won. The stayer is the mainstay: the sprinter very delightful, no doubt, but the very nature of his occupation is destructive of nervous energy. If there were fewer sprint races there would be more stayers. Anyone who wants sprinting can always find it at the greyhound racecourses!

No Luck—or Hard Luck

FOR the benefit of the chaps who are still in the fire, and did not see either the Gold Cup or the Hunt Cup, I suggest that any hard

luck stories should be discarded. Ocean Swell's one-and-a-half-length win was a clean-cut victory: he won because he was the best stayer in the field, and also the best-riden. Eph Smith and Jack Jarvis divide full marks: the jockey because he went the right pace all the way, the trainer because he sent this very nice colt out ready to run for a ransom and trained to the tick of a clock. Ocean Swell looked exactly what he was—hard as nails. Tehran was likewise a perfect picture of condition, and so was Abbots Fell, who might have won if it had been only two miles. Those who said that 1½ miles was about the length of his rope never were right. Borealis, another good-looker, found that it was just a mile too far for him. As to the Hunt Cup, it was no race, and all



The Fifteenth Greyhound Derby

Lady Brabazon of Tara, who presented the trophy, Stanley Martin, who was leading Ballyhennessy Seal, Major W. H. MacKenzie, the owner, Mrs. F. Stow, Mr. F. S. Gentle, and Major Brown



D. R. Stuart

Cricket Captains of This Year's Eton and Harrow Match

Peter Blake, who captained Eton against Harrow, led the team to victory against Winchester, and has made four centuries this term. He goes into the Rifle Brigade in July

The Harrow captain, Michael Garnett, who made a century against the M.C.C., goes into the Coldstreams at the end of this month. The Eton and Harrow match was played at Eton this year

Test Trial for Dewes

J. G. Dewes is one of the two eighteen-year-old Cambridge University freshmen who were chosen to play for England in the Third Test Match at Lord's. He is seen to be a left-hander



Pool, Dublin

A Summer Meeting in Ireland: the Baldoy Races at Dublin

In the Saddling Enclosure before the Metropolitan Flat Race was the Rt. Hon. Sir Percy Loraine, P.C., who was having a word with the well-known Irish jockey, E. M. Quirke, who won the race on Sir Percy Loraine's Kkyad

Lt.-Cdr. Kenneth C. Kirkpatrick, D.S.C., R.N., with his daughter, Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, were visitors from Northern Ireland. Cdr. Kirkpatrick was Master of the County Down Stag-hounds from 1933 until the outbreak of war

Two very well-known Northern Ireland race-horse owners were Mr. Archibald Willis, Master of the Killultagh Harriers, and Lord Glentoran, who was formerly Minister for Agriculture in the Northern Ireland Parliament

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

that there remains to do is to congratulate the owner, Colonel J. H. Whitney, of steeplechasing, polo and hunting fame, and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford, the trainer, of this speedy three-year-old, Battle Hymn (another Hyperion). The winner was never headed. No one ever saw the piping-hot favourite, Mustang. There was some money for Sun Storm (Tornadoic colt), but I should not think that anyone is likely to waste any more on him. I am afraid he must be condemned as a little savage; he again lashed out at anything within range. Usually there is no cure for this complaint—a pity, because he promised so well in his two-year-old days, even though he was as ugly as the corner of a street. And now another that we know will stay—His Majesty's Rising Light, by Hyperion out of Bread Card, by Manna (a Derby winner), has collected the 1½ miles Spring Hall Stakes, beating a goodish filly, Blue Smoke, pointless. He ran pretty well in the Derby, and he goes for the Leger, which looks like a one-horse race at the moment.

Naumachia

IN the same way that I prefer Newmarket when there is no racing, so do I prefer Henley either just before or just after Regatta Week. It is very nice, of course, to see Phyllis Court full of dukes and earls and pretty young girls, and the river so packed with punts that you can hardly see the water, but for me, a summer's eve with a hay harvest breeze, as much exercise as I feel like in a tub, down Remenham way or above the bridge, a bath and a wisp-down after, and a cold chicken and a pint of Beaune dinner to top off! It is exhilarating to see an eight swirl by with a small gentleman sitting on the Pontius, piping, "Bow, ye're late!", or four hearty Wet Bobs of the Warre period come home from an honest-to-goodness paddle, lift her

out, turn her over, carry her in, and then, in about five minutes, come out and go in off the Leander stage, and, of course, all the tow-row of race week is also most charming in its way, but give me what I said first, or, if it's Newmarket, a young one whose mouth mutton fists have not ruined, a smell of clover, sun on my back, and time of my own to hack to the roots of the Beacon Course, or to the little place to-day called Exning,

formerly Ixning, after Boudicca's cavalry, the sporting Icen, whose divisional H.Q. it was. Smith Minor (modern brand) may not know who Boudicca was: she was Boadicea, the fighting Queen who did not give a tinker's malediction for Julius Caesar or his Tenth Legion. About that rowing slang and Henley: Pontius, Pilate, Pilot, hence Cox, and the little thing he sits on with his little legs crossed to keep him steady, is a cross between a porous plaster and a numnah, and is most securely gummed in the stern-sheets of a racing shell. Luckily, you never have to sit long enough upon it to discover how hard it can become! The best feature of this Henley renaissance, I think, was the reappearance of so many crews from the schools. This gives good promise for the future. Many other distinguished persons as I am aware, have said this before: George III., for instance, was always most interested in Eton crews, and his son, William IV., even more so. Upon one occasion, when Westminster beat Eton, the sailor King was so incensed that, in the words of the popular ballad, "The air went blue for miles" with nautical oaths. These two royal gentlemen knew where you ought to look—to the jolly young watermen. And one word more: learn to be a waterman first; the rest will follow. About Leander, that beautiful pink was the colour, as to their cross-belts, in which Cambridge first rowed. They got their present blue from Eton.



Who's Who at Newmarket: by "The Tout"

Major the Hon. Lionel ("Cardie") Montagu is a member of the Jockey Club, and owns a goodish three-year-old in Cape Race, a winner this season and one to keep on the right side in a handicap. Capt. H. R. King lives in Newmarket, where he is a J.P., takes an active part in local affairs, and in pre-war days used to train with Victor Gilpin. Capt. the Hon. Richard Stanley has inherited his grandfather's (Lord Derby) love of racing. When Harry Wragg rides into the winning stall after another of those Stanley House triumphs he and his brother, Lord Stanley, are usually seen in close attendance. Miss Priscilla Bullock owns a smashing good two-year-old in Neapolitan, likewise trained, of course, by Walter Earl in the family establishment at Stanley House. Capt. Guy Lucas, famous follower of the Grafton and other Midland packs, lives near Brackley, and often visits Newmarket. Stirling Castle, one of the most improved colts in training, belongs to the Manton patron, Mr. "Ted" Saunders. Stirling Castle is in the St. Leger. Through Court Martial they should get a line on Dante

Northolt

MR. LEONARD JAYNE, who works so hard for the Pony Turf Club, writes to tell me that: "The electric timing clock has been in operation at Northolt Park for all races since 1934. Timing begins when the starter raises the barrier and finishes when the first horse past the judge at the same time breaks a ray across the course. The clock, with its big face and hands, is in full view of all, and the hands, of course, start and stop in conjunction with the starting barrier and the broken ray." I have only been to a meeting at Northolt upon two occasions. I hope that they will soon get going again.



Miss Margaret Lockwood who is the star of "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," was being congratulated on her performance by Mr. Bransby Williams

Many well-known people came to see the British film *I'll Be Your Sweetheart*, at the Gaumont recently. The story centres round music-hall life in the 1900's, and is full of the famous melodies of that time which evoked many memories to some of the audience, including famous variety artist, Mr. Charles Coburn, who will always be remembered for singing "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"



In excellent form were Mr. Charles Coburn, the famous variety star and producer, and Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett

Gay 'Nineties Musical

Distinguished Gathering at Film Premiere

Photographs by Swaebe



Admiral Sir Arthur Palliser, who is a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Chief of Supplies and Transport, brought his wife and daughter



Lady Cunliffe-Owen came with her husband, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. Their home is at Sunningdale Park, Ascot



Together in the foyer were Major-General Sir Donald Banks, and Lady Banks, who both came to see "I'll Be Your Sweetheart"



Superintendent J. M. Woolcombe, C.B.E., W.R.N.S., Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, who is Second Sea Lord, and Lady Willis, were a Naval party

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Melodrama

DAWK and cheerless would be the publishing season that did not put out at least one melodramatic novel. This summer of 1945 gives us Louis Bromfield's *What Became of Anna Bolton* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). Hitherto, Mr. Bromfield's name had suggested to me, rather, pungency, rapidity, strong scenes and an admirable, if hyper-professional, technique. He has, up to now, kept in touch with a certain realism. He is, as you know, American; he is a born best-seller—his "latest" forms pyramids in the book-shop windows on both sides of the Atlantic. These pyramids melt in a day, like snows, before the inroads of impatient readers. Not longer ago than last autumn, we had his *Mrs. Parkington*. That grim and gay old lady held me spellbound—I paid her my tribute in these pages. My admiration was honest: the same honesty compels me to say that I do not consider *What Became of Anna Bolton* by any means such a good novel as *Mrs. Parkington*. It is, however, excellent melodrama. Mr. Bromfield has chosen to put his gifts into what is, at least at the outset, a whizzing tale.

The above sentence contains the germ of my criticism. The opening passages really are pitched rather too high for the individual history that follows. Here, for instance, are portions of Mr. Bromfield's picture of the London season of 1937:

... Unspoken, unacknowledged dread produced a kind of hysteria which made those last Junes before the end of the world the most brilliant England had ever known. It was as if London meant to put on a tremendous show. ...

But there was something un-British, something un-solid about the whole spectacle, something of the garish atmosphere of a carnival. The whole thing was too international and too cosmopolitan. Society was divided between those who would receive Ribbentrop and those who would not; between those who welcomed the Soviet Ambassador and those who believed him to be the Ambassador of the Devil. All the bars were down in those last three or four years. Political talk, quarrels and recriminations filled the air at every dinner. One met swindlers from the Continent, kept women, spies, propaganda agents, refugees from Austria and from Germany itself at every dinner and ball. London is essentially British, far more. British than Paris is French or Rome is Italian, and about the spectacle of cosmopolitan colourful London there was something overwrought and frantic and unreal. The noon train at Victoria came to be known at the Ritz as the Vienna Express because of the swarms of refugees, half of them shady or pitiful and penniless adventurers, who arrived by it each day.

It may have been that the improbable carnival of the Continent, which had been in progress night and day since the Armistice of 1918, was spilling over at last into England. Some people have thought that Anna Bolton's

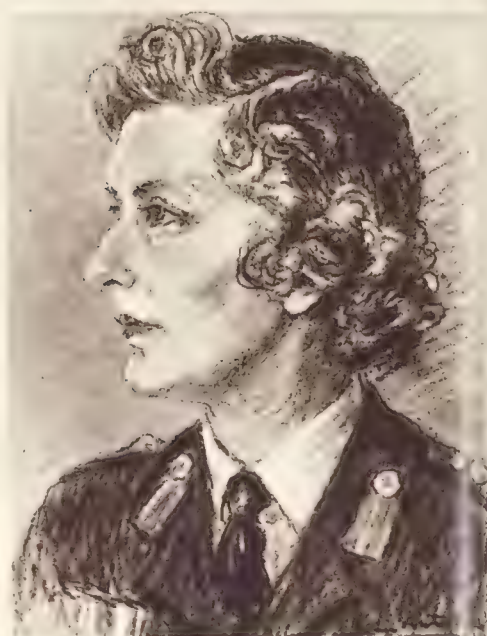
story was too melodramatic, too highly coloured for reality, yet it was a pale commonplace history beside so many stories that happened in Europe. ...

Possibly ...

Eye of a Needle

IT all depends, of course, whom you know. One cannot doubt for an instant that all this was going on—but (as the servants one used to have used to say) I cannot say that I ever took much notice. I—and possibly one or two of you—recollect the summer of 1937 as a pursuance of my own quiet ways; though with, always, a darkening overhang of anxiety. Few of us, probably, would desire to live again those immediately pre-war years. But few of us, equally, had the privilege of Mr. Bromfield's narrator's apocalyptic view. David Sorrell was what is called a news-hawk. Such are apt to perch, when they come to London, on the top-most crag of mountains of diamond quartz.

However, to return to Anna Bolton. What did become of her? Mrs. Bolton was to be one of the many ladies who were (as one then called it) "caught by the fall of France." Like many of her sisters in this predicament, she made out the best she could; and not only kept her head but behaved remarkably well. What happened to her in 1940 is, however, made still more interesting by what had been happening to her before that. Anna Bolton was an American multi-millionaire who had, in spite of the many counter-diversions sketched in the paragraph I have quoted, succeeded in 1937 in taking London by storm. She had been talked about without getting herself talked about, if



Lady Eastwood, whose portrait by Olive Antrobus is reproduced above, is the wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ralph Eastwood, the Governor of Gibraltar. Lady Eastwood is President of the British Red Cross, Gibraltar, and of the Joint War Organisation of the Red Cross and St. John. She was Miss M. V. P. Temperley before her marriage.

you know what I mean. She had, that is to say, combined a large-scale social offensive with the odd fact that she seemed to have no young man. A woman of mystery—what has been her past? Only David Sorrell—cut dead by the Mrs. Bolton who, cold and brilliant, faces him at the head of her London staircase—knows. This is his erstwhile schoolfellow, little Annie Scanlon, from the Flats, Lewisburg, on the Ohio River.

Sorrell keeps his mouth shut, but divines the clue. Anna is still getting even with Lewisburg, where her Irish-extracted mother scrubbed the floors of richer but less-deserving people, and Annie was cold-shouldered at High School. And Lewisburg's vindictive snobbishness had gone one worse: it had intrigued against and wrecked an idyllic marriage. Lewisburg has, accordingly, left Anna an ice-woman, but for one burning aim. ... *What Became of Anna Bolton* is the story of how Anna regains her soul: 1940, at considerable cost to France, redeems her. Up to then, it had been a case of the camel and the needle's eye.

Through the Window

IT would be most unfair to this able novel to suggest that it deals in emotional clichés or too well-worn situations. At the worst, the story is—after the feverish expectations raised by its feverish opening passages—just slightly anti-climatic. I should have said, it should start at a lower pitch. It contains a curious medley of pure melodrama-characters—such as the inscrutable diplomat Von Kleist—and people (mainly elderly women, such as Miss Godwin and Mme. Ritz) unmistakably stamped with

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HAVING just studied a book on Modern Furniture and Furnishing, I have again come to the conclusion that I couldn't happily live among them. As a coup d'œil—most attractive: as companions for life—too greatly like living with super-groomed relations. No opportunity among them for your own temperament and individuality; inviting nothing more cosily familiar than a cocktail-party; more ice-breaking than to sit down lost in admiration of line and colour; all lines relentlessly horizontal or perpendicular; the colours so subtly blended that a bowl of primroses might knock the whole scheme sideways; one mere suspicion of a knick-knack become an æsthetic gaffe. Try as I might, I don't think I could live naturally in such rooms. What individuality I possess would be swamped. I should feel like a bad cough at a concert.

I like a house to express its owner, be the effect simple or conglomerate. I prefer a home to be lived in, rather than to be lived up to. I want it, as it were, to wrap me around in the personality of those who own it—a revelation of character and personality, rather than an exhibition of irreproachable good taste. I even like a little dust. I like to meet minds in their comfortable old clothes and not in their Sunday-go-meeting best. I simply could not sit in my negligé and have my happy being in a room which looked like a super-colourful millionaire's lounge or the waiting-room of a fashionable doctor qua Hollywood.

By Richard King

Homeliness for me is the sweet essence of a home. Fond memories cannot weave themselves around a chromium-plated chair; nor love encircle the Cubist portrait of "Dear Mother." Pride-compelling, as you exhibit it to visitors; but, so I should imagine, somewhat exhausting to live up to when they are gone.

So many people are inclined to over show-house their homes. In all things they would sooner break down on a lonely stretch of road in a Rolls-Royce than sail by in an Austin Seven. And the number of best rooms in small houses which are so much waste space is incalculable. Except that these best rooms have a very human excuse. Rarely may they be used; but they do possess a psychological value—like best clothes and "Capri" painted on the front gate. Both are a cultural gesture.

A house which is lived in for very long tells something of a life-story, and a life-story eschews the austere. It breeds a certain charming untidiness. It collects odds and ends. It becomes lived in. It may start off with a severe black-glass fireplace, but upon the shelf which originally displayed just one superbly modelled statuette will be found ashtrays, old letters, a cigarette-box, even a man's pipe. And this humanising of what was once all colour, austerity and line will eventually pervade the whole house. And thus it will become A Home. But the artist who left it perfect will hate the sight of it.

Front row: Capt. K. R. Savage, Capt. M. J. Ellison, Major C. H. Chamberlain, C. E. Jessop, Lt.-Col. D. T. Kemp, Capt. G. C. Tewerson, Major F. C. Thorne, Capt. S. J. Terry, R. S. R. Paterson. Middle row: Lt. J. C. Hemming, Lt. I. C. Moyle, Capt. R. J. Bailey, Lt. B. R. A. Spreadbury, Lt. D. A. G. Saville, Capt. A. T. Martin, Lt. J. A. Gayer, Capt. I. Bunn, Lts. W. H. Hack, R. Wallis, W. H. N. Wainwright, T. B. Pettit. Back row: Lt. A. H. Jennings, Lt. L. E. Cannon, Rev. J. A. Davies, Lt. J. A. Moffat, Lt. H. Bayle, Capt. J. D. Bruzard, Lt. A. E. Ellis, Capt. W. K. Jones, Lts. F. A. Webb, K. C. N. Kelly, Capt. J. P. O'Connor



Officers of a Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, R.A. (T.A.)

On Active Service



Officers of the Sierra Leone Regiment

Front row: Capts. Hutchings (Ch.D.), Simpson-Kemp, (Q.M.) Hills, Reade, the Commanding Officer, Capts. Needham, Irving, Eccles-Smith, Lt. Drake. Middle row: Lts. Don, Burt, twin, Messenger, Saloman, Williams, Wheeler, Martin, Watts. Back row: Lts. Martin, Truscott, Day, Tarn, Simmons, Jamieson



Officers of a British Naval Staff, North Russia

Front row: Lt. (S) J. A. D. Shortt, Cdr. G. P. Codrington Ball, R/Adm. H. J. Egerton, Lt.-Cdr. (S) K. H. Derwent, Lt.-Cdr. N. Hamilton-Smith. Middle row: Lts. K. H. Britain, P. J. Fleming, R. G. Wilson, Sub-Lts. A. T. Bone, C. R. A. Rae. Back row: Sub-Lts. W. J. Turner, J. Benckendorff, I. J. E. Rowe, (S) J. R. Lough



Officers of a Battalion Stationed in Barbados

Front row: 2nd Lt. P. L. C. Peterkin, 2nd Lt. F. G. Smith, Lt. W. E. C. Worrell, and Lt. P. M. Pilgrim, Lt. W. B. Millar, 2nd Lt. G. S. W. Ross. Middle row: Lt. (Q.M.) J. R. S. Jordan, Capt. the Rev. F. M. Dowlen, Major O. F. C. Walcott, Lt.-Col. A. St. G. Coldwell (Northamptonshire Regt.), H.E. Sir Grattan Bushe, K.C.M.G., C.B. (Hon. Col., Barbados Batt.), Major H. H. Lee (Welch Regt.), Capt. B. W. G. Austin, Capt. J. D. Alleyne, M.B.E. (R.A.M.C.). Back row: Lt. C. L. Batson, Lt. J. Redhead, Capts. A. S. Warren, A. N. C. Thomas (A.A.C.), M. M. Seale, E. D. Moore (Oxford and Bucks L.I.), P. E. Johnson, Lts. L. C. Banfield, Lt. J. A. H. Kinch



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment

Front row: Capt. H. Broad-Davies, Capt. S. G. Williams, Majors F. Bell, M.C., M.M., J. F. White, M.C., T. L. Brock, Lt.-Col. R. C. Macdonald, D.S.O., Capt. A. R. Allen, Major H. C. Illing, M.C., Major W. J. Phillips, M.C., Capt. D. R. Fraymouth, Capt. J. R. Allan. Middle row: Lts. G. F. Bonham, F. v. Alphen (Dutch Army), G. Tennant, L. G. Guest, E. P. Withers, Capt. D. A. L. Pile, Lt. L. J. Humphries, Capt. P. V. Dorman, Lt. L. W. Davies, Capt. (Rev.) T. A. Kelly, Capt. M. Wood, M.C., Lt. A. P. Roberts. Back row: Lts. E. H. Morley, W. Genever, M. J. L. Hurford, C. F. Willetts, T. K. Hood

Priscilla in Paris

Back to the Land of Liberty

DO.A.H.—It seems so strange, when one leaves Germany, to find that there are still cities standing on their foundations. After six weeks in Bocheland one became so accustomed to driving over miles and miles of smiling green fields and cool dark forests, punctuated with the ruins of great cities, that one could hardly believe one's eyes when one came upon a town in proper working order. A shop-window displaying goods (usually "not for sale") was a positively startling event, and I cannot tell you the amazed, happy and triumphant thrill that I enjoyed several times of crossing the Kiel bridge out of Germany and coming into Strasbourg that was gay with flags and brimming over with French troops. It was the most gorgeous sight I have seen since the liberation of Paris.

In thirty days we covered 6000 kilometres, transporting D.P.s (displaced persons) from the "Hated Country" into France. This after a fortnight with the old bus, that sometimes could be coerced into running, but more often not! Then, after those two weeks of misery, the Powers-that-be ordained that we go-get Something that would Run! The result was a requisitioned straight-8 Mercedes-Benz ambulance that, after one of the Maintenance gangs of the U.S. Seventh Army gave it the once-over, has become a thing of satisfaction and pride for ever. Well, maybe "for ever" is a bit premature, given the state of the roads and the work we demand of a car, but let it stand. Our job, after this piece of sumptuousness became ours, was confined to the transportation of those very sick sufferers for whom, perhaps, their journey home will be their last journey. It was amazing, however, to see how the most desperate cases seemed to return to life as the ambulance purred over the clanking pontoon bridge at Kiel and how the dull eyes shone with happiness as they read the huge placard: "Here begins the Land of Liberty."

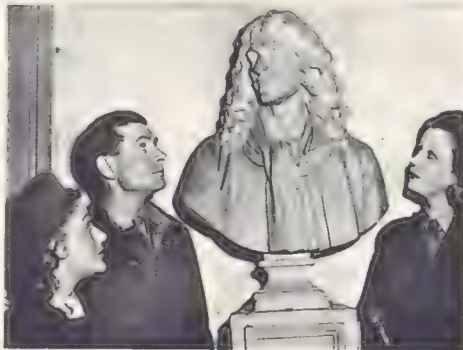
It was from the *Krankenhaus* at Ulm that we brought most of these poor souls. The Citadel, on the outskirts of the town, is a transit camp, and into it poured, daily, thousands of returning D.P.s and ex-prisoners. The worst cases, and those that had fallen ill on the way, were rushed to the dispensary and *krankenhaus*, and from there we took them to France as soon as they were fit to be moved.

A grim, grey place, that Citadel, with its immense bomb-pocked yards, its shell-torn roofs, through which the rain poured so that one could only use the ground and first floors, its 30-in.-thick stone walls, its narrow windows, massive doors and its filth! There were gangs of German prisoners cleaning up day and night, but an insufficiency of water, the absence (at first) of adequate latrines, and the overflow of arrivals made the struggle desperately unequal. The M.M.L.A., the U.N.R.R.A. and the American teams worked like slaves day and night, but how could one cope with eight or nine—once it was twelve—thousand D.P.s where half that number, in ordinary times, would have been crowded? Yet the miraculous fact remains that none of these people went hungry; the babies had milk, the mothers had extra rations, the sick had beds and attendance, and all had a place to lie down in. It was rough-and-ready, but it served. It served . . . and they were grateful; but, oh, the things we heard from the indignant Big Pots on Inspection Tours!

In the early days we dreaded these inspections. It was hard to be bawled out when one was doing more than one's best under adverse circumstances. When a posh car drove up and a spick-and-span damsel or a high-and-mighty male emerged, all clean and neat in well-cut uniforms, those of us that could do so took cover while the storm broke. The blessed dears . . . they always expected white-washed walls, gleaming tiled dispensaries and clean-sheeted beds. Where, in Ulm, could we have got 'em? So we "yes-sirred" and "no-sirred" and "certainly-sirred," and then plodded on as best we could, while our inward attitude became "report and be damned!" Maybe those reports 'll come home to roost some day, but who cares? When I left Ulm the camp was nearly empty. Only a few Italians were trickling in, and they found the place a Paradise.

The drive back from the Citadel to our quarters on the other side of the town was always pure delight . . . when we didn't lose our way. It is the most difficult thing in the world to drive through a ruined city at night without going astray. All the streets look alike. There is nothing that so resembles a mass of bricks as another mass of bricks. But the quiet beauty of the moonlit Danube wending its way through the old quarter of the town is something one cannot forget, though now that I am back in Paris I find myself wondering if I have dreamed it all.

PRISCILLA.



The Old Vic Theatre Company are the first British players to walk the stage of the famous Théâtre Français. Here three members of the company, Joyce Redman, Laurence Olivier and Margaret Leighton, admire the bust of the great French dramatist Molière

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

the poignancy of real life. Miss Godwin—ex-Dana Gibson beauty faded into penurious spinsterhood, and now Mrs. Bolton's companion—is admirable. There are, also, scenes of genuine human worth: most notably that when Anna, seated inside her Rolls as the Rolls noses its way through the flood of heartbroken, footsore refugees from Paris, realises that all her rich years have been a numbing dream; that she is, and will always be, Annie Scanlon; that at this moment her mother would be ashamed of her, and that she belongs, and longs to be, with the people, outside instead of inside the plate-glass.

This, indeed, is the story of a woman who, humiliated and hurt by life, retreats to behind a window and, either by will or doom, seems likely to see life only through that window for the rest of her days. Then the window is smashed; she breathes harsh fresh air. . . . I must protest against the blatant incorrectness of the second sentence of the summary of the plot on the wrapper. Someone, it seems to me, has done careless work.

Short but Great

"**B** RITISH PAINTING: FROM HOGARTH'S DAY TO OURS," is written by William Gaunt, contains 32 plates in colour and duochrome, and is published, at 8s., by the Avalon Press and the Central Institute of Art and Design. It forms one of the "Discussions on Art" Series. Obviously, this is a series to be watched.

It is equally possible to discuss painting from the æsthetic or from the social angle. The ideal discussion, however, is comprehensive. And such—though with necessary brevity—we have here. William Gaunt—as author of *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* and *The Æsthetic Adventure*—was an inspired choice. He is stimulating; and he is not didactic. He shows, without labouring, the connection between British history and the British brush. He conveys the effect on our painting of foreign influences without entangling himself in the stories of foreign schools.

Is it realised how short, though packed, is the history of British painting; or that Hogarth, born in 1697, was virtually our first British painter?

Painting [says Mr. Gaunt] in the modern sense came late in the history of Britain. There was no truly national school before the eighteenth century. Of the reasons accounting for this, one of the most important is the complete break between the Middle Ages and a modern form of society which was brought about by the Wars of the Roses and the establishment of the House of Tudor on the throne. The new nationalism, fostered by Henry VIII., separated the country from the Continent. The Reformation, the replacement of Roman Catholicism and its institutions by a national church, in destroying the monastic houses, destroyed also the culture of which they were the centre.

Successive Courts needed painters; but, for some time, these were to be foreign imports. The Tudors sponsored Germanic Hans Holbein the Younger; Charles I., the Flemish Van Dyck. Recovery from the Puritan set-back was to introduce Dutch Lely; and, later, the Lübeck-born Godfrey Kneller. Yes—"By the time the Hanoverians came to the throne some of the greatest works in the language had been written: but a native school of painting could hardly be said to exist."

From coming late, our painting seems the discharge of a long-stored-up sensibility, comprehension and power. At the start, with Hogarth, literature seemed to godfather this nascent art. And, in fact, in spite of the strong, steady, healthy trend to pure form and colour, one must doubt if the British public will ever swerve from its love of "a picture that tells a story." One economic factor has been the demand for portraits, which tended to check the national genius for landscape-painting. Many men's best work was done at their own risk.

The selection of the 32 illustrations is more than merely pleasing: it is important. The succession and nature of the pictures bears out, closely, Mr. Gaunt's argument.

Fun

MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD increases our debt to her by an adventure into a different medium. She takes up the pen as hilariously as one might take up a dart towards the end of an evening. *The World is Square* (Home and Van Thal; 7s. 6d.) is a beguiling mixture of (I take it) fact and (I hate to think) fantasy. I hate, for instance, to think that Miss Gingold did *not*, when diving, discover her father engaged upon a secret invention at the bottom of Regent's Park Lake; or that, during our heroine's period as a lovely spy, Miss Beatrice Lillie, in Piccadilly, did *not* have occasion to comment on the becomingness of the carrier-pigeon roosting on her hat. Or even that the avuncular ghost unearthed by her during her residence in the old forge, in Marylebone Lane, did *not* act as her dresser during one revue.

The spooky train journey during the blitz is also memorable. Accounts of playing against the bombs, and of experiences on tour, lose wonderfully little by verging on the dull ground of truth. You will have to be in a bad mood if you do not appreciate this authoress. The illustrations are by a friend.

Pleasant Places

EVEN the gallon or two of petrol, even the rumour of more trains, cannot but give one big, and very pleasant, ideas. The appearance of the 1945 edition of Ashley Courtenay's *Let's Halt Awhile* (distributed by Simpkin Marshall; 6s.) is apposite. Here are hotels, inns and guest-houses in England, Scotland and Wales, all recommended on the strength of Mr. Courtenay's own experience, all set in surroundings that one would like to see.



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Photographs by
Alexander Bender



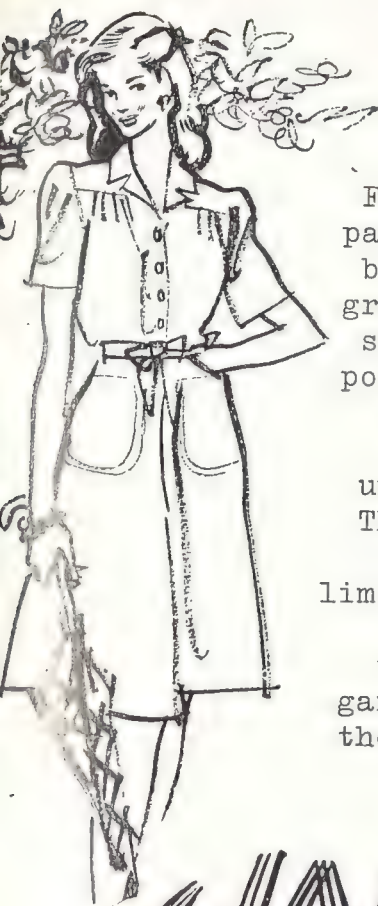
Henry Moore

Topolski

Cecil Beaton

● PAMELA KELLINO, actress-authoress wife of the British film-star James Mason, is now on an extensive tour of France and Germany with her husband, entertaining Allied troops under the auspices of the American Red Cross. In her wardrobe are these two lovely dresses made by Mattli from Ascher prints. Ascher prints are something new in British fashion fabrics. They are designed by some of the great artists of to-day. The two fabrics worn by Mrs. Mason are designs of Topolski; others by Cecil Beaton and Henry Moore are shown on this page. Ascher fabrics are in short supply, but from time to time Harvey Nichols have them in stock





Fine woollen dress in pale blue, pink, royal blue, scarlet, beige, grey or turquoise with shirt waist and patch pockets...intriguingly youthful...cut with a verve that is unmistakably Jaeger. The dress illustrated is available only in limited quantities, but this is just one of the many distinctive garments that comprise the Jaeger Collection.

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Stories from Everywhere

AN Irish judge was just about to deliver his summing up of the case when he noticed that there were only eleven men in the jury-box.

"Where is the twelfth jurymen?" he asked angrily.
"That's all right, yer honour," the foreman replied, affably, "he was called away on business, but he's left his verdict with me."

THE irate customer marched into the tailor's shop.
"What kind of a business do you carry on here?" he demanded, angrily.
"What do you mean?" countered the proprietor. "What's wrong?"
"What's wrong?" cried the customer. "I bought a grey suit here and it didn't even last me two months."
"Is that so," returned the tailor. "Well, how about the ten pounds you paid for that suit? It didn't even last me two days."

MR. BROWN arrived home from the office one evening, and handed his wife a long envelope.
"That, my dear," he said, kissing her, "is an insurance policy on my life for five thousand pounds, so that if anything happens to me, you will be provided for."
"How thoughtful of you, darling," answered his wife. "Now I shan't have to call in the doctor every time you feel ill."

JOHN was doing his prep one evening.

"Dad," he asked, "what do you call a person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender," replied father.

THERE had been a motor accident, and the landlord of an inn had carried the motorist into his inn. When the man recovered a bit, he asked what had happened.

"Well, sir, you had a very bad smash," said the innkeeper, "but I managed to bring you to."

"Did you?" murmured the damaged one. "I don't remember. Do you mind bringing me two more?"

JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS once sentenced an old offender to five years in prison.

"But, Your Honour," the felon protested, "I'll be dead long before that! I'm a sick man—I can't do five years!"

Landis glared at him. "You can try, can't you?"

"I WANT a nice book for an invalid," said the lady to the librarian.

"Yes, madam," replied the librarian. "What kind of book—something religious?"

"Er—no—not now. He's convalescent."

HE was an extremely bad golfer, but definitely a trier. After a fairly average sort of round, he remarked to his caddie:—

"I seem to be improving a little. Can you see any difference?"

"Yus," grunted the caddie. "You've 'ad yer 'air cut."

SAMBO and his wife had separated. Knowing that Mrs. Sambo was not at home, a neighbour's suspicions were aroused when she saw Sambo slip stealthily over the back fence and disappear into the house.

Deciding to investigate, she hurried round to the front gate and met the grass-widower emerging with a wash-tub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a washboard and wringer after him.

"What yo' gwine do wid dem?" she asked him.

"Pawn 'em!" was the emphatic reply. "Dat woman ain't gwine to vamp no other man wid mah weddin' presents!"

AMAN neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:—

"Dear sir: You have owed me six dollars four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week, I will put too much starch in your collars.

Cordially, Mrs. Smith."



Capt. Robert G. Leffingwell, U.S. Army, who in civilian life is one of Walt Disney's leading artists, married Miss Joyce Audrey Marns, W.R.N.S., in the American Military Chapel, at Kandy, Ceylon. The bride was given away by Col. Irving Asher, who is the husband of the film star, Laura La Plante, while among the many guests at the wedding was Lt.-Gen. "Boy" Browning, Chief of Staff, S.E.A.C.

THE CHILD HE HADN'T SEEN



Leave at last! Father is home again and this time, not only his wife but their child—their first—whom he's never seen, greet him with out-stretched arms.

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Three Canadian Air Force Officers are Decorated by the King

Officers and men of the Canadian Forces were decorated by His Majesty at a special investiture held for them at Buckingham Palace. Wing Cdr. J. Mitchell, D.F.C. and Bar, of Ontario, Wing Cdr. A. F. Childs, D.F.C., of Ontario, and Wing Cdr. W. G. Phelan, D.F.C., of Toronto, were photographed in the Palace yard as they left after receiving their honours from the King

Rats

THE use of aircraft for carrying laboratory animals about the world has been widely publicized. But the animal stowaway receives much less attention. The other day a case was brought to my notice of a rat which had a litter during an air journey. The point about this is that rats carry bubonic plague and that fast travel for rats might mean fast travel for the plague. The same sort of problem has been faced by those who are fighting yellow fever. In the view of some of the experts there is a risk that yellow fever might be carried by aircraft to parts where it is at present unknown. In some of these parts the mosquito carrier is there but no fever, and it is obvious that high-speed travel does introduce a danger.

It is a point that has to be looked to in all our plans for the construction of airports and for ground organization. LaGuardia airfield is claimed by some of its builders to be the only fully rat-proof airport in the world. It is so arranged that rats can find no harborage. That is a lesson which we should do well to heed. We shall also have to consider methods of disinfecting aircraft at their ports of call. The good side of the picture, however, is that although high-speed travel might spread diseases, it also enables the remedies to be brought to bear without loss of time.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Baka

MORE information filters through about the Japanese suicide bomber attacks. The aircraft appears to be an extremely high-speed, good-looking little machine and it seems to have no exit for the pilot who does not wear a parachute. Speeds of over 600 miles an hour appear to be reached by the machine, which is rocket-driven. The explosive charge is over a ton. The pilots call themselves the "Divine Wind, Special Attack Corps."

In these attacks we are seeing something new in the psychology of warfare. All soldiers go into battle after having had impressed upon them the idea that it is glorious to die for one's country. But the more intellectually advanced soldier, such as those forming the British and United States armies and air forces looks on this as a generalized conception rather than a practical proposal. The western powers believe that it is more useful to live for one's country than to die for it and the consequence is that I know of hardly any instance in which a British fighting man has been asked to go into action with a weapon which, if it succeeds, must inevitably kill him.

The British fighting man will take any risk, and in weapons like the human torpedo and the midget submarine the risk is sometimes so great that the attack approaches close to a suicide attack, but there always is one chance. This is where the Japanese are an enemy of a special kind. They seem genuinely to believe that it is not only glorious to die for one's country but desirable. I have felt some impatience with the ridicule that has been cast on the Japanese suicide bombers because if the method is acceptable to a sufficient number of fighting men it can easily be argued that it is effective. The cost of a Baka suicide bomber plus adequately trained pilot could be expressed as so many pounds. The cost of delivering an equal weight of high explosive by other methods could also be expressed in pounds and it may well be that the suicide method is not uneconomic when measured in this way. It would be wrong, therefore, to ridicule these attacks, though from the point of view of the western powers they must be regarded as fundamentally inefficient.

Airports

By the time these notes appear the Commonwealth Air Transport Council should have got through a good deal in their work under the chairmanship of Lord Swinton. I hope that they will have gone thoroughly into the problem of airports for the Commonwealth. There are signs that airport design is not being as carefully studied as it might be in this country with the result that risks are being incurred of the introduction of out-of-date plans. The arrangement of the runways is one thing which could be looked into. In the United States the tangential runway plan is being increasingly canvassed. Idlewild may have this formula. But, as I have mentioned before, there is as yet no suggestion that Heath Row will have anything other than the ordinary criss-cross arrangement.

Again, there is the matter of the marine airports. It is time we decided whether British Commonwealth air communications are to be entirely run by land planes or whether we ought, in establishing our ground organization, to prepare for the use also of flying boats. My personal view is that it would be madness not to provide for flying boats. In spite of the official view I believe the large flying boat is a form of vehicle especially well suited to Commonwealth air communications.

Meanwhile Eire is going ahead with her airports and seems to adopt the view that if one provides ample airport accommodation and throws it open to the world one obtains thereby the full benefit of fast communications at a low cost. It is true that no Eire aircraft will be used, but the southern Irish do not seem to think that that matters. At Foynes and Rineanna on the Shannon arrangements are being made to deal with heavy air traffic and there is also the airport at Collinstown for Continental traffic.

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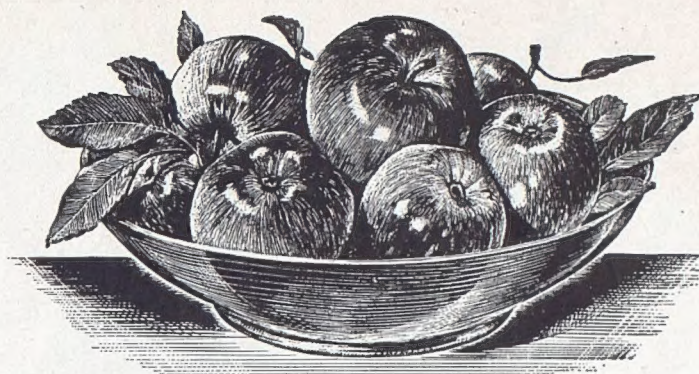
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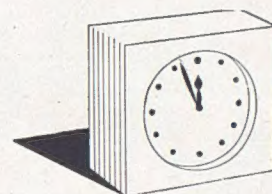
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